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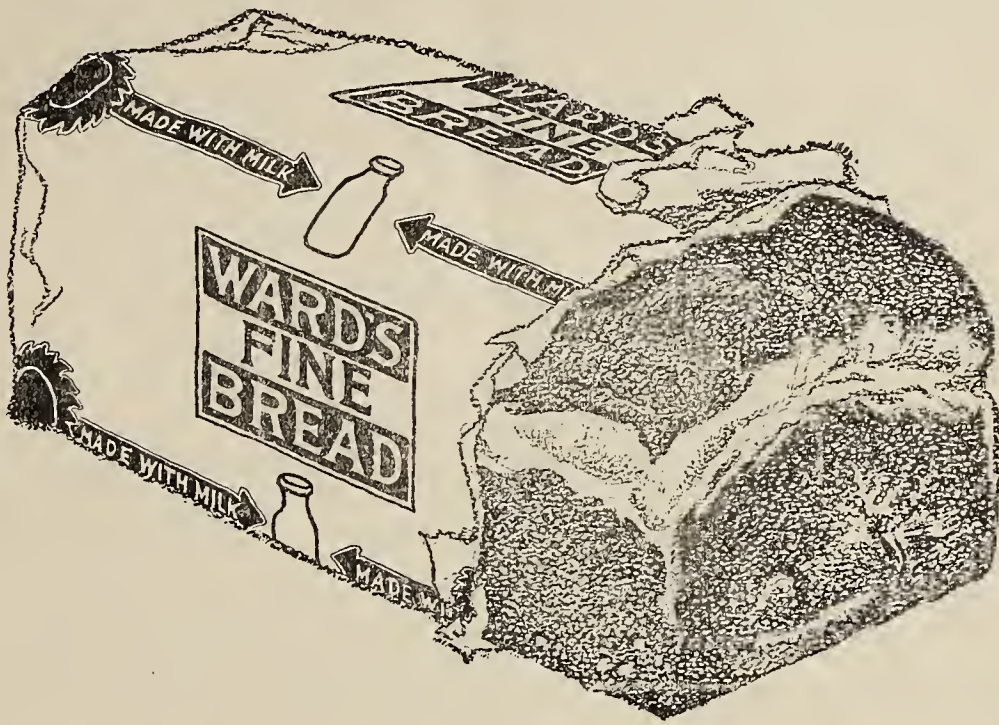
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SCHOLARSHIP

Although in the past our scholarship has fallen down considerably, due to the inadequate size of the old high school, we hope that in the future it will again be raised to a high level. The old days are gone, and we now have the most pleasant surroundings in which to work. We have a beautiful new school, modern equipment, an excellent corps of teachers, and afternoon sessions in which we may receive extra help. Is it not singular that more of us do not avail ourselves of our opportunities to improve our work?

Perhaps we have fallen into bad habits while attending the old high school and think that we can still "get by" in the same way. If this is the case, let us try to correct ourselves and do a high grade of work in the time remaining before us. We are too prone to look forward to great accomplishments from the Freshmen, who have begun their work under

the most favorable conditions, but we who are not Freshmen may make a little extra effort to improve our scholarship and do *something* worth while.

THE QUINCY TERCENTENARY

Quincy will, this June, celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of its settlement. This, of course, will attract many visitors from out of town. We must all feel that these visitors are our personal guests and that we should do everything in our power to make them feel at home. We should always be ready and willing to direct them to any of the points of interest that they wish to see and also to suggest additional places which they may visit. A stranger often forms his opinion of the town from the few citizens he must ask to direct him. Let us give our guests a favorable and lasting impression of our city.

THE SPEECH CLINIC

The latest innovation in our school work is the Speech Clinic which is being conducted by the English Department. As its name suggests, it is a clinic designed to give help to pupils who have difficulty in speaking. There are many pupils who, because of impediments in their speech or of natural shyness are handicapped and are unable to do their best work. If this speech clinic is in any measure successful in helping these pupils, as we hope it will be, it may become a part of the regular course of study. The English Department has undertaken a difficult piece of work which will doubtless be of great value to many of the pupils.

A number of organizations in Quincy have shown great interest in the High School and its activities. The Women's

Clubs maintain scholarships for girls who are graduates of the school. The Rotary Club has not only invited a group of boys to lunch with it, but has paid the college tuition of one of our graduates. The Men's Club of the Wollaston Congregational Church has shown its interest in our work by inviting the Debating Society to dinner. Of the local organizations the Kiwanis Club is probably the latest to show a marked co-operative spirit. This Club was "behind" the concert given in the School auditorium on March 26, for the purpose of raising money to equip our new band with uniforms.

In recounting the school-interest work of the associations mentioned above, we are not forgetful of the assistance, less conspicuous but no less valuable, of other local bodies. We are highly appreciative of the opportunities given us by all our out-of-school friends, and trust we may continue to merit their interest.

ON "ROMEO AND JULIET"

The play of Romeo and Juliet,
I think, is not a pure tragedy,
For even tho' the hero dies, at last
Between the families of Capulet
And Montague there is the needed union.
Of course, it's sad to think that Juliet
And Romeo must needs be sacrificed;
Yet, I believe re-union 'twixt their families
Is meant to be a happy ending. Now,
Because the end has joy and peace,
The play is not a tragedy, because
A tragedy has usually an end that's sad.
I fully agree with the critics who say
That "Romeo and Juliet" is not
A pure tragedy—the sentiment
And pretty thoughts give loveliness to it,
So that, in reading this sweet story,
The tragic parts remain concealed beneath

More beautiful and happy sentiments.
The play in many ways our lives reflect:
The impulsive Lybalt is true to life—
Like many good men who act too quickly.
Too often secret schemes do fail, just like
The scheme of Friar Lawrence: and foolish
Are the hatreds that weigh upon life's load;
So saddening and pitiful they are!
The nurse is very true to life—her love
Is all for Juliet: like many old
And faithful creatures she puts herself
In danger just to help her charge; at last
The spirit of Romeo, so gay, so sad,
So different and changing, is like the moods
With which we all are visited. Life's
A dream, 'tis sad, 'tis gay—In truth, it's but
Like Romeo—Thank God, 'tis often cheerful!

MABEL GUILHOP.



LITERARY

“Macbeth” as Quoted About School

“Lay on Macduff and damned be him that first cries hold, enough,” should be the quotation for the girls in the cooking classes who put the filling in the sandwiches.

Two flunkers at report card time: “Let us seek out some desolate shade and there weep our sad bosoms empty.”

“Approach the chamber and destroy your sight with a new Gorgan,” comes to the mind of the pupil who is going to new class rooms for the first time.

Setting: Baseball field or a park bench.

Time: Spring.

Actor: Young man’s fancy.

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair.”

Johnnie, explaining to his mother why he has received some deficiency slips: “You see, mother, ‘My genius is rebuked as it is said Mark Antony’s was by Caesar.’”

The next time that you’re writing a

theme and get a blot on it, remember Macbeth would have said, “Out damned spot.”

He: “Want to go riding with me in my Ford?”

She: “Sure, I bear a charmed life which must not yield to one of woman born.”

Mary to Jane, who is eating a lunch brought from home: “Say, Jane, why don’t you eat some of that wonderful salad that you made in the cooking class today?”

Jane: “No thanks, for as Macbeth says, ‘Why should I play the Roman fool and die on my own sword?’”

Walking home from these late afternoon periods in the dark is the time when “There’s husbandry in Heaven, their candles are all out” strikes home with more force.

CARLYLE KRETSCHMAN, June, ’25.

Rush Hour

“No talking, please!”

“Keep in line, please!”

Everyone knows that pestiferous nuisance who is constantly shouting the above. But how many know the trials of the “cop” whose business is chiefly to keep traffic moving smoothly?

As soon as the bell rings, the doors fly open. Those little obnoxious creatures, known as sophomores, rush out. One at least, perhaps several, dash by regardless of the officer or anyone else. If only one, the officer grabs his arm, coat-tails, or other available part of his attire and pulls him back. The offender does not realize that he is supposed to retrace his steps, until the officer shouts something to that

effect into his ear. Meantime—

“Let the animal go, sap!”

“Gwan back!”

“Stop blockin’ traffic, y’egg!” etc. etc.

Before the block has been entirely removed, the “cop” at the foot of the stairs has started his drone, “Double file going up!” Consequence, more delay.

Just as things begin to smooth themselves out, the descending boys begin to ask as they pass, “Double file going down?” The cop gives those “smart alecs” a look as if he would like to wring their necks. Instead he repeats that time honored phrase, “No talking, please!”

Some girls, passing just at that time, appear to be having a meeting of a trav-

eling tea party. Do they stop talking? Yes? but just long enough to wonder why such a remark should be made.

One of the last members, who has her arms full of books, drops her *vanity box* at the top of the stairs. She stops, looks bewildered, turns around and walks down. At the foot of the stairs she stoops, fumbles with the box, and finally picks it up. More delay in traffic.

As she is coming up, she sees another girl with whom she wishes to exchange ideas on the place to eat lunch. They stop, talk it over, and then pass on. Since they move very slowly and have progressed almost to the third floor, they paralyze traffic from the ground up.

The teacher, who for some reason, is bound for the lower floor, now makes her appearance.

• "Why don't you make them come up

double file?" she asks sweetly.

"I-er-ah-ah-er-er-."

"He told us to come up that way," says a nice young man who never thought of it before in that light.

"Oh! Yes!"

Traffic is thinning out. "Double file going down!" is now the order of the day. But true to the perversity of human nature, they just go along in single file.

Then all are gone and the "regulator of traffic" heaves a sigh of relief, picks up his books, and leaves for a rest of forty-five minutes, wondering what queer, yet comical, incidents would happen at the end of that time and how many times the teacher would have to tell him to stop talking.

CHARLES H. BROOKS, Feb. '26.

Old Thoughts

As I was studying in room 107 with an eagerness as if my lesson were a matter of life and death, (which it probably was), I heard the recess bell at the Codrington School, our close neighbor. Without any purpose or object in mind I glanced up from my study. Just at that moment I saw a boy stoop down behind one of his classmates. Then another lad (without any doubt his ally) gently pushed the unfortunate one over, causing him to land on the kneeling boy's back, thus tumbling him head over heels to the ground. Unhurt, but filled with a savage desire for revenge he ran after them as fast as his legs would permit. But being of a stouter build than the other two he soon gave up hope of capturing them. He sat down gasping for breath, eyeing the two boys, who were safely out of his reach, with a look which would have almost pierced the thickest of steel.

This event changed my attitude toward my study, recalling at the same time intense interest to me in the pranks and

tricks of the younger pupils of perhaps ten or twelve years of age.

My interest increased as I noticed that all the mischief and frolics were of the same form as when I was of that age. An age when a trick successfully played on another was thought of as an artist thinks of his masterpieces; an age of desire to be always concerned in some form of trouble or disturbance.

How foolish it all seemed now; and to think that it was only a matter of four or five years before we discovered the foolishness of our childish pranks. But what else was there to occupy our minds? No worries, no perplexing and uninteresting studies as we have now, nothing to think of but frolicing and playing.

Life had changed considerably in those few years. Oh! which reminded me I should have to buckle down to some real study if I wanted to pass that dreadful history test. With that thought in mind I studied as I never studied before until the last second of the period had ended.

HARRIS GOLBRANSON, Feb. '26.

The Spring

"The Spring is here," cry loud the joyful hills.
Her heralds are the Southwind and the Showers.
Lo! here she comes now, tripping down the rills,
Her face aglow while from her hands fall flowers—
White pluméd lilies and the primrose fair,
The modest violet and the tall bluebell—
And perfume rising from her golden hair
Lures hov'ring bees away from honey'd cell.

Let's haste, my friends, and wile away dull care;
Springtime and Playtime call within the dell.
Let's wake and smile and greet this season rare
In which the feathered warblers' anthems swell.
Why waste our lives in toil and sin's alloy?
Springtime is ours,—to love and to enjoy!

BARBARA WALKER, 1925.

Saved

Around the roof of a great yellow house floated wisps of gray, cloud-like smoke. Suddenly darts of flames burst from the upper windows and leaped toward the heavens. Quickly cries rang out, windows and doors opened, and the sharp tones of the fire whistle reached the ears of the townfolk.

Bob Cummings was a new member of the ranks of the firemen at station 13, and took his duties very seriously. When the whistles blew and the fire bell shrilled the signal of his first fire, Bob sensed a strange feeling which he later described as "having his heart in his mouth." He soon grew calm, however, and took his place among his comrades. He felt a thrill and a cold rush of air as the engines raced madly forward and then the men, hopping down, rushed to that yellow house, now almost hidden in the masses of stifling smoke.

The inhabitants of the house were huddled like sheep in a corner, watching with hopeless eyes as their possessions were caught and devoured by the cruel flames.

Bob could never tell how it happened, but he found himself on a ladder, going up, up, up, up, smoke and flames curling around him. With difficulty, cutting sash and glass with his axe, he made his way through an upper story window into the

nursery. As he jumped inside, he heard falling timber and at the same time saw the crib, in which lay a small figure, move.

A baby—and it was his job to save it! Not stopping to look or think, Bob gently lifted the tiny, light form in his arms, covers and all, fought his way to the window, and slowly reached the ladder.

As he went down, step by step, only saved from the flames by his mask and heavy coat, he was conscious that the slight shape never moved. A cold chill shook him; had he been too late?

He stepped from the ladder and holding his burden closely, made his way to the little grief-stricken group which was a bit happier now to know that the fire was under control. Slipping off his mask he parted the covers in his arms—

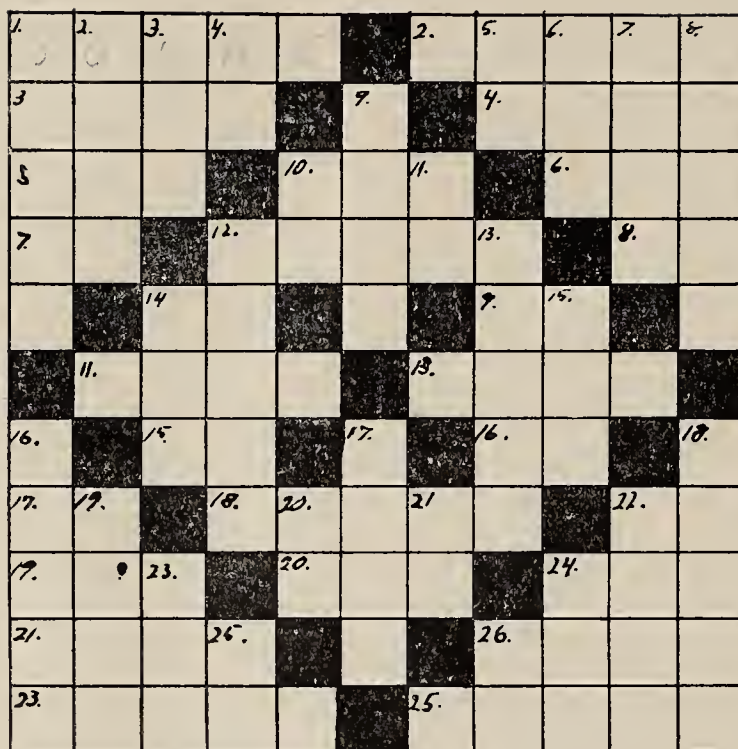
"O! You've saved him!" cried a childish voice beside the fireman.

Bob grinned as he turned to a small girl whose blue eyes were shining through her tears. "Well, sister, I guess he's safe all right!"

Then to the amusement of the spectators he placed a huge, brown Teddy, minus one shoe-button eye in the arms of the delighted child.

DORIS RICKER, Feb. '26.

EIN KOPFBRECHER



By R. Anderson.

VERTIKAL

- 1—Was man am Tage im klaren Himmel sieht.
- 2—Ein Narr.
- 3—Eine untrennbare Vorsilbe.
- 4—Weibliche Endung fuer auslaendische Hauptwoerter.
- 5—Verbindungswort.
- 6—Nimmer.
- 7—Hoechst.
- 8—Unsterbliche Freundschaft.
- 9—Nicht ein.
- 10—Untrennbare Vorsilbe.
- 11—Praeposition, die den Dativ oder Accusativ regiert.
- 12—Was man am Anfang eines Briefes schreibt.
- 13—Ein Baum.
- 14—Verbindungswort.
- 15—Fuerwort.
- 16—Ein Koerperteil (Mehrzahl ohne Umlaut)
- 17—Ein Teil des Beines.
- 18—Ein Becher.
- 19—Das Gegenteil von jawohl.
- 20—Praeposition, die den Accusativ regiert.
- 21—Abkuerzung fuer Doktor.
- 22—Rinde.
- 23—Verbindungswort.
- 24—Das Imperfekt von sein.
- 25—Untrennbare Vorsilbe.
- 26—Meisterhafte Arbeit (Anfangsbuchstaben).

HORIZONTAL

- 1—Was ein unartiger Knabe gern wirft.
- 2—Andernfalls.
- 3—Praeposition, die den Accusativ regiert.
- 4—Was die Deutschen gern trinken.
- 5—Das Elend.
- 6—Bevor.
- 7—Nicht richtig (Anfangsbuchstaben).
- 8—Die esrten zwei Buchstaben im Wort, welches spaerisch bedeutet.
- 9—Italienische Industrie (Anfangsbuchstaben).
- 10—Praeposition, die nur den Dativ regiert.
- 11—Ein bekannter Wasservogel.
- 12—Ein besitzanzeigendes Eigenschaftswort.
- 13—Unverfaelscht.
- 14—Abkuerzung fuer "unter andern".
- 15—Fuerwort.
- 16—Abkuerzung fuer "Herr".
- 17—Praeposition, die den Dativ oder Accusativ regiert.
- 18—Oeffnung zwischen den Lippen.
- 19—Nicht alt.
- 20—Fuerwort (Im Dativ).
- 21—Sache.
- 22—Eine Interjektion.
- 23—Zum Schluss bringen.
- 24—Interrogatives Fuerwort.
- 25—Ein kleines Stueck weissen Pappendeckels.
- 26—Ein Tierchen, vor dem sich die Maedchen fuerchten.

For solution see

R. ANDERSON, F. '26.

Scrap Iron

Robert Wilson witnessed a dark and stormy June night as he gazed out of one of his dormitory windows, but his thoughts were not of the weather but of something—or rather, someone else. It is well at this point of the story that the reader should know a little of Robert Wilson. To begin with, this young man of twenty-one years was better known as Scrap Iron or Scrappy. He had received this name and prized it because it signified his wonderful physique. His build was that of a well-trained athlete, strong-looking and well filled out. In harmony with his well-proportioned figure, Scrappy was somewhat of a good looking.

Scrappy's home was in the east, but he was now attending the University of California. When Scrap Iron had left his home town high school, he had gained the distinction of being the fastest miler of the neighboring schools; but when he arrived at California University he found his ability as a runner gone. Somehow he had lost control of his winning stride, of his lightning start, and of his whirlwind finish. Maybe it was because of the change in climate or because of the multitudes of people who watched him perform. Whatever it was, Scrappy didn't know.

His first three years at this college were disastrous, as far as his running was concerned. It was only because of his never-failing nerve and the shortage of milers that Scrap Iron was kept on the squad. However, he decided that, after the last meet of his third year at the University he would leave running forever. But as Scrappy was trotting to his locker room after having run his usual ragged race in that last meet, he came face to face with a chattering mob of young girls from a neighboring college. He was about to make a dash for the dressing room when he was confronted with this remark from one of the girls, "So that's the sort of runners they make in the east." Scrap Iron turned in his tracks and the blood rushed to his face,

but he said nothing and passed on. As he dressed, he muttered to himself, "I guess I won't quit."

When Scrap Iron returned to the University after his summer vacation, the first thing he did was to mark off a mile course. As the out-door track season did not open until the first of April, he had seven months in which to train himself for that event. Every other night Scrappy pulled himself over that mile course, and throughout those seven months he trained hard and relentlessly. It was during those cold, crisp nights of December, January and February that he learned to take the punishment that every good miler is forced to withstand. Although Scrap Iron was wise enough not to overdo himself, he began to feel the old-time lightning start, the winning stride, the whirlwind finish, and, most of all, the old-time confidence in his running ability.

With the opening track meet on the nineteenth of April, he amazed the head coach and many of the students of the University by "nosing out" Lefty Duncan, a miler of considerable fame, in a spirited race. Scrap Iron had staged a real "come-back."

To get back to the real story, the reader left Scrappy in a thoughtful mood. First and foremost in his thoughts was the big meet of the season of California with Penn State, which was now only three days away. The second, but probably the most brooded over of his thoughts, were those of a certain girl of his home town whom Scrappy knew very well. Who was this girl? It was Marion Meredith, Scrappy's sweetheart,—the "flower of the east" he called her. Marion was a real sport and an exceptionally good-looking girl; even Scrappy admitted it. When he had visited her during his vacation, she had said to him on one of their many moonlight strolls, "Scrappy, when we were at high school together you would win whenever I wanted you to,—I wonder if you would win for your col-

lege and for me at the University of California?"

The day of the big meet had finally arrived, the day when Scrap Iron was to show his metal. At three o'clock the meet was well under way with Penn State several points behind. Scrappy was getting the final rubdown when a welcome cry came floating into the dressing room, "all runners out for the mile." As he dashed to his place, he caught a glimpse of that same chattering group of girls he had encountered the previous year. Now was the chance to show them "what eastern runners were made of." As the runners made ready for the start, Scrap Iron glanced at the three sturdy men of Penn State and picked out the veterans, Mark Moulton and "Flask" Smith, the two crack milers with whom he and his two teammates had to battle. The starter stepped behind the six runners. It was then that Scrappy thought of Marion Meredith and her parting words.

"On your mark!—Get set!"—Bang!—At the crack of the revolver Scrap Iron jumped into the lead to the great surprise of all, especially of "Flask" Smith, who usually lead his opponents at the start. But the race was far from over. At the four-forty mark Scrappy still held the lead with the two stars of Penn State at his very heels. It was a few seconds later that the relentless Moulton wrenched the lead from Scrappy, determining to tire the man from California University. The pace that Moulton set was a killing one, but he could not shake the runner who had failed to give him any trouble the previous year. At the half-way mark Mark Moulton decided to slacken his pace which was killing him rather than his opponent. But, as the mighty Moulton cut down on his pace, Scrap Iron slipped into the lead and surged ahead.

While the race was going on, it was evident that the crowd was anything but quiet. As Scrappy swung into the lead his feat was met with much applause; but Scrappy did not forget that Moulton and "Flask" Smith were worthy opponents. At the three-quarter mark the Penn State "Flask" became completely upset over the outcome of the race and

decided it was high time for him to take the lead. "Flask" surged past his teammates and gave all that was left in him in an effort to overtake Scrap Iron; but this effort cost "Flask" Smith a place in the event and he dropped out crestfallen and thoroughly licked, leaving Scrappy, Moulton, and the three other runners, who were far behind, to battle it out. Scrap Iron had proved himself a hard taskmaster.

Three hundred yards from the finish Scrappy made ready for his old-time finish. He called upon the remainder of his giant supply of energy and, as he did so, he heard the hurried, faltering steps of Mark Moulton trying to cut the former's lead. Two hundred yards from the finish Mark Moulton made a plucky effort to catch Scrappy, but it was of no use; for, those cold nights of hard training had taught the latter to withstand severe punishment, and now stood him in good stead. Shortly after, Scrap Iron broke the tape not knowing that the mighty Moulton had all but stumbled in a futile effort to overtake him. However, the plucky Penn State man pulled himself together in time to defeat "Lonesome Al" Rich of California University at the finish.

Scrap Iron, the man from "out of the east," had defeated the mighty Moulton and "Flask" Smith. It is useless to say that Scrappy's performance was cheered loud and long, but Scrappy's thoughts were centered on a certain girl of his home town,—Marion Meredith. He had won for her and for his college.

When he entered his dormitory parlor an hour later, he all but walked into the girl he thought he had left in the east. Evidently she had journeyed to California and watched his performance. Again it is needless to say that for his hard day's work Scrap Iron received a shower of —, well, you can imagine the rest, and anyway, that's another story.

HERBERT CARD, Feb. '26.

John Harvard's Holiday

Mutt and Jeff, as they were called by their friends, returned to their rooms in the Y. M. C. A. on Huntington Avenue, Boston. They had just been dismissed from Harvard for the Christmas vacation, and because of the fact that they lived so far away, were not planning to go home for the holidays. Their real names were not Mutt and Jeff, of course, but they were called that by their friends because of the great difference in height between the two young men.

John Watkins, alias Mutt, was six feet two inches in his stocking feet. He was dark-complexioned and always dressed in dark clothes. He did not dress that way because he was in mourning, but merely because he was of a retiring nature, and did not like to attract attention. Despite his clothes, he was always playing jokes on some one, and in turn could appreciate one, even on himself.

His friend, Morris Stoughton alias Jeff, was different from Mutt in every respect, except that he too, was forever playing jokes. He stood barely five feet four, with his shoes on. His hair was a bright red and his complexion nearly matched it. Instead of dressing like his friend, he assumed the loudest clothes imaginable and was, therefore, aped by all the "cake-eaters" who came in contact with him.

However, Mutt and Jeff were the best of friends, and in Jeff's room at the Y they were both occupied with their own thoughts. Finally Jeff broke the silence with, "Say, Mutt, let's think of a way to get back at old Skeezecks, who bawled me out for putting a little glue in his ink yesterday."

Skeezecks was none other than Professor Hopkins, the Greek instructor at the college.

"Yes, and I would like to give him a Christmas present that isn't all honey, too," replied his friend.

"Listen," continued Mutt, "We will both think of a way to get back at him."

So for a few minutes they both

thought, and then they compared ideas. Mutt told his plan, which was at once picked apart by Jeff.

"Well, if you think that you are so clever, let's hear yours," said the disgusted Mutt. Jeff then unfolded his plan, and although it hurt to do so, Mutt had to admit that it sounded good.

The two friends then went to eat, after which they went down town to buy some things which were necessary to carry out Jeff's plan. They came back to their rooms carrying a long coffin-like box, which would have been inspected by the police at any other time except Christmas. For the next five days they were continually plotting in whispers, and laughing whenever their eyes fell upon Jeff's closed closet where the mysterious bundle was hidden.

Finally Christmas evening came, and the two friends dressed up in the oldest clothes they could find and, taking their bundles, started in the direction of the campus.

Next morning Professor Hopkins awoke with a start. He had heard four shots directly beneath his window. Jumping out of bed, his feet striking the ice-cold floor, he uttered a howl of agony. Just as he started back for bed he heard two more shots, so, overcoming his desire for the warm bed, he rushed to the window. To his dismay it was frosted tight and he could not see through it. Just then three more shots sounded, and the professor, thinking that someone was being murdered on his door step, rushed down a flight of cold stairs to the front door. He then stuck his night-capped head cautiously out of the front door. Upon seeing nothing dangerous he came outside and looked around. At first he saw nothing, but then advancing farther, his near-sighted eyes saw John Harvard, the founder of the University, drinking from a bottle, while in his other hand he carried an old blunderbuss. The professor, as he approached ankle-deep in the snow, was a most curious sight. His

red night-cap was on one ear. His near-sighted eyes were straining to see better. And his old-fashioned nightgown disclosed his ankles which were getting blue from the cold. As he moved slowly on, he occasionally stopped to shake one foot and then the other to get the snow off, in much the same manner as a cat does when it is wet. When the hidden

Mutt and Jeff looked upon this scene, they were convulsed with laughter. As they feared being seen, they ran for their rooms, leaving the absent-minded professor lecturing John Harvard on the bad example he was setting for the students.

WALTER RIBERDY.

Rose Marie

The day dawned cold and clear. The snow glistened in the light from the rising sun. The clock in the belfry of the little village church chimed seven as Rose Marie lifted her tousled, curly head from a much rumpled pillow. A yawn was stifled by a pretty hand which was leisurely withdrawn as she reluctantly opened her big, lustrous brown eyes.

"What time is it Fanchette?" she drawled sleepily.

"It is seven o'clock, mademoiselle. Your bath is ready," she added.

"Oh! I must get right up this minute!"

She was wide awake and, as she hopped out of bed, she said, "You know our great winter carnival is coming off this afternoon."

She gazed out of the window toward the hills which sloped up to meet the sky.

Rose Marie was the last of a long line of sturdy French-Canadian stock. Her paternal grandfather had become very wealthy from his vast timber lands, and the last two generations had lived in luxuries that their frugal forefathers had never dreamed possible. Rose Marie, though reared tenderly for a few years by a gentle mother and educated carefully by the faithful nuns in a picturesque old convent, was nevertheless passionately fond of all kinds of outdoor sports. When her father had bought a vast estate among the northern hills, she enjoyed herself to her heart's content with swimming, fishing, and hiking in the summer, and in the winter, skating, coasting, and

skiing. In the latter sport she had become most proficient and she liked it best; both because of the feeling of freedom and of the unhampered bird-like motion through the air. She had been practicing jumping for two months for the annual carnival which was to be held that afternoon. This carnival was anticipated with great zest by the most expert of the lovers of winter sports. At the last year's carnival Rose Marie had won second place in the great ski-jumping contest. It was her fondest hope that she might win this year.

She turned from the window and ceased her day dreaming. She dressed hurriedly and hastened down to her breakfast so that she might have as much time as possible with her little "charges" before her guests for the afternoon, arrived. Her "charges" were the two motherless children of the gate keeper of the estate. Little Eloise was five years old. She had light golden curly hair and big blue eyes. She was a sweet little thing who won the heart of everyone who saw her. Jean was seven, and a sturdier lad for his age was not to be found for miles around. On her arrival from the convent, Rose Marie, having been motherless herself for many years, had opened her heart and home to the two little semi-orphans. They responded to her loving care with all the affection and adoration of which their little souls were capable. It was their daily custom to accompany her to the skiing platform where they would stand and watch her jump off, and hold their breath until they

saw her land safely, on both feet, over a hundred and fifty feet below. This morning they were putting on their caps and mufflers as she came down the broad snowy driveway toward them. They rushed toward her and reached up for their morning kiss. All three went laughing and skipping toward the lowest of the hills, dragging a great sled behind them.

They coasted and slid and snow-balled each other until they heard, during one of their rests, the chimes of the village church ring out twelve o'clock. Rose Marie seated them securely on the sled and started off toward home. As she swung along through the crisp air, she decided to take the children home to lunch with her.

They all had hearty appetites after their morning in the open and thoroughly enjoyed their excellent luncheon; after which the children were taken upstairs and put to nap in Rose Marie's sanctum. When she saw them sound asleep, she quietly left the room and prepared to meet her guests.

Later—Having left word with Fanchette to take care of the children when they should awaken from their nap, Rose Marie departed in high spirits, with her many guests, some on skis, some on snowshoes. They were passed by many sleighs laden with parties from the neighboring towns and villages.

On the hill all was excitement and bustle. Rose Marie was greeted on all sides by friends and fellow participants. A gong sounded and all eyes were focused on the toboggan race which was to open the carnival. The gaily-colored caps and scarfs gave a festive air to the scene. The rising laughter of the boys and the excited screams of the girls as they jogged over the bumps on the course gave a happy thrill to all. The height of the excitement was reached when the time came for the great ski race.

Rose Marie's turn came last and she took great interest in watching the starting and landing of the many other contestants. To be sure, she had the advantage of knowing the course thorough-

ly but, after all, she was yet but a slight girl in comparison with the many husky woodsmen who were competing with her. All went well during the first two trials. No one had as yet reached her farthest jump. In the third trial, however, one of the Canadian experts soared up and out over the course and landed far beyond her last mark. This meant, to win the event, she must beat her own record. She had never felt in better condition to do it than she did at present. She mentally gathered together all her forces as she coolly calculated just what distance she must cover to exceed the farthest distance. As she stood looking like a great scarlet-and-white bird, poised ready for flight, her eye was suddenly caught by the movement of a very tiny object advancing swiftly toward that portion of the course where the last jumper had made his landing. As she leaped out from the run, she noticed that the small body had reached the course and was sliding quickly toward the mark which she had set for her final landing. As she came nearer to it she recognized the bright woolly suit which had been one of her Christmas gifts to little Eloise. What should she do? If she continued on her course she feared she should strike the baby, who had almost reached her goal. Her only alternative was to grow limp at once and fall, but this meant losing the event and no one knew what else! Without a moment's hesitation, with all the strength of her will, she made herself relax, and as she suddenly fell to the icy ground she noticed with great relief that dear little Eloise had safely reached the level space at the end of the course.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on the huge divan in front of a roaring fire in the great living room. A pair of soft, little hands were gently patting her cheek. As she opened her eyes, the baby girl threw her arms around Rose Marie's neck and whispered:

"I wuv 'oo, Wose Mawie."

And she felt fully repaid for her sacrifice.

ALICE C. WAITE, June, '25.

History of Quincy

(With apologies to Donald Ogden Stewart)

As the time for our tercentenary rapidly approaches we consider it high time to mug up on our town history.

Hear!

'Twas in the year 1492 B. P. (Before Prohibition) that the illustrious Captain Wollaston sailed up Black's Creek and discovered Quincy. Why did he discover Quincy, you ask? Well, he might have been drunk. Upon landing he immediately opened the formal ceremonies of discovery in the conventional manner of all discoverers, but in the midst of these was chased back to his row boat by a tribe of wild and half-baked savages from Hough's Neck. One of these Neckers almost scalped the Captain but he fooled 'em, he was bald-headed.

"If this is Wollaston," said the Captain, "I should certainly hate to see West Quincy."

Part II.

The Indians were peeved at being discovered but finally allowed the Captain to land. What a party they had that night, (music furnished by No-bellie's Kings of Syncopation) the young braves and papooses (high school flappers) strutted their stuff to the synthetic strains of the sizzling saxophone, while the squaws sat around smoking their wampums.

Suddenly in the distance was heard the rumbling of a red-hot Ford matriculating* over the somewhat uneven surface of Hancock Street. Miles Standish and his deputies were rapidly approaching!

Standish arrived, dressed in his cast-iron tuxedo with his pockets full of anvils. As he stepped into the hall dragging a howitzer on a string, he saw a group of savages who had draped themselves in innocent attitudes around the melodion singing "Home Sweet Home" in close harmony. Others were poring over "The Youths Companion" and various *alumnaes, dictionaries, etc., in a most interested manner. The rest had appar-

ently gone to sleep, and in fact they slept so well and snored so naturally that Miles Standish found himself yawning.

"In the name o' the law I arrest yez all!" shouted he.

"Shoot the lights and don't give your right names," yelled Captain Wollaston as he prepared to follow a chair through a nearby window.

When the Indians were finally apprehended it was found that two-thirds of them were John Smiths and the rest Joneses, due to the timely advice of the noble Captain Wollaston.

*Poetic license.

Part III.

Captain Wollaston himself would have escaped had not Miles Standish nudged him with a cannon ball from the howitzer at just the physiological moment. This, as you may well imagine, made the captain very indignant and he reported the actions of Miles Standish to the authorities. The histories have it that Standish was dismissed. He took up his abode on a rhubarb ranch in a certain part of the country known as Weymouth. It is said that he died there from solitary confinement.

The noble Captain Wollaston bought himself an underslung pipe and went in for politics. As the Indians were not allowed to vote and as he was the only white man present, he elected himself (by a great majority) to the mayorship of Quincy. He, it is said, was the first to take action on the New Quincy High School recently completed* after 300 years of revising, readjusting and red tape. For several years things ran fairly well; the captain having a good time and vetoing everything in sight. Then trouble broke out. You see, the Indians suspected him for a cock-eyed radical. So the poor Captain Wollaston; discoverer, founder and first mayor of Quincy, had to impeach himself.

*September, 1924.

FRANCIS DAHL.

Neither Bacon Nor Shakespeare

(Great though he was, Shakespeare was only human, and so it is to be expected that he made some mistakes. An omission on his part accounts for the following scene, written by a modern Shakespeare. Its purpose is to show the domestic strife of Macbeth's life and illustrate some of the finer causes of his downfall. Read it, and become acquainted with family strife in the days of Macbeth.—*Merritt Libbey*)

ACT IV—SCENE 4

A Room in the Castle at Dunsinane

Enter Macbeth

MACBETH: My love is greater than my
lust. Failing,
She would be punished, too, as much
as I.
And she has been to me a worthy wife;
Yea, more than wife, a most wise coun-
sellor.
It is true her plans, her advices were
good;—
But the water's too deep for her, I fear.

Enter Lady Macbeth

LADY M.: You did call for me, my lord?

MACBETH: O beloved, I do fear for you;
I would

That you were not concerned in this
at all.

I have decided to face the storm alone.

LADY M.: Have a care; the lion dies
when his strength

Is waned, my lord.

MACBETH: I have thought of that, but
I have learned

My lesson well, and will better the
instruction.

LADY M.: You say you fear for me, my
thane,

Yet you leave me here to brood myself
Unto distraction. O, better far to die
fighting,

Than to sit at home a prey to con-
science.

MACBETH: Fie, my lady, you've but
done your duty.

Why, wife, should you suffer for my
misdeeds?

All else I grant, all Scotland, if you
will,

But this to thee I must refuse, my
sweet.

LADY M.: Your courage failed at Inver-
ness, my thane;

Take care lest it should slack at Dun-
sinane.

MACBETH: The weird sisters three to
me did promise

That I need not fear till Birnam Wood
To high Dunsinane Hill shall come,
and that

My death shall be by none of woman
born.

LADY M.: I fear these witches have thee
fast;

Follow them not too close lest thou get
snared.

MACBETH: They served me well before;
I will not doubt

Them now, for I am all they pro-
phesied.

LADY M.: You forget I made you King,
not they.

Did they bolster your waning courage,
sir?

Who made the plan for Duncan's fall?

Who freed you from places tight, my
lord?

Yet you cast me off as a worthless
thing!

MACBETH: All true, beloved wife, yet I
do fear

For thy woman's strength and heart
and mind.—

Let that end the matter. Fare you well!

Exeunt Macbeth

LADY M.: Discarded, cast off, scorned!

Believing he has no use for me,
He leaves me nothing but musings vile.

The hardest blow upon him is yet to
fall,

Yet he casts aside his rudder now.

O, thou fool to believe thou'rt safe at
last

From Malcolm and Macduff who storm
you.

Thou art more like the Roman fool
than thou

Believest. Thou are noble, yet superstitious.

At the slightest fulfilment of the prophecy,

You'll be like the frightened stag at bay.

For thee I have labored, sacrificed, and lost.—

Now do what you will.

Exeunt Lady Macbeth

ARTHUR DEAN, '25.

Seventeen Pines

It was late afternoon of a hot day in August when a young traveler reached the outskirts of the largest wheat ranch in Minnesota. Four miles of dusty road lay between the lad and the big ranch house belonging to Franklin Bates, which was his destination. Heat and weariness impeded the progress of the young fellow, a boy of scarcely more than fourteen.

Before the boy reached the ranch house, night had fallen. Even in the darkness on the broad porch, the keen eyed boy could distinguish Franklin Bates from his secretary. His splendid physique, his erect carriage proclaimed not only the successful business man but the accomplished athlete as well.

Approaching the two men, the boy drew off his cap. "May I speak to you a moment, sir?" he asked respectfully.

The man frowned slightly as he glanced at the speaker. "If you wish to wait half an hour, till I get back, I will see you," he said carelessly as he got into the waiting car.

Fully an hour later the car rolled up the drive. The boy, who had been sitting on the steps, rose as Mr. Bates got out. The man opened the door to his study, motioning the boy to follow, he went in. So intent was the lad on his errand that he hardly noticed the luxurious but severe appointments of the study of America's great wheat "king." Bates looked the boy squarely in the face as he said, "I'll give you five minutes."

"I'm Frank Mason, sir, from Red Hill, Illinois. My mother is the owner of Seventeen Pines. It is the farm that you hold a mortgage on. Mother said that you were going to sell our home. Please don't do it, sir. Give us another year to pay."

"Red Hill," the man repeated several times. His voice betrayed deep emotion when he spoke. "I remember now. Did you say the name of the place was Seventeen Pines?" At the boy's nod he went on, "I'm afraid I'll have to foreclose. Your mother has not paid any interest for two years. I'm planning to sell to a railroad company."

"Oh, please wait a year or two. I'm going to work this winter. A big boy like me can earn a lot of money—maybe three dollars a week. That would help a lot. Mother said it would," the earnest voice brought a smile to the man's lips.

Ten minutes passed in silence; the man gazing into the cheery fire playing on the hearth, and the boy looking past the man out of the window. Then the man's eyes narrowed, a trick he had when he was in deadly earnest. "Do you know Mrs. Henry Adams?" the question was shot at the lad.

"Yes, sir," the boy's eyes showed his surprise at the turn the subject had taken, "She is my grandmother."

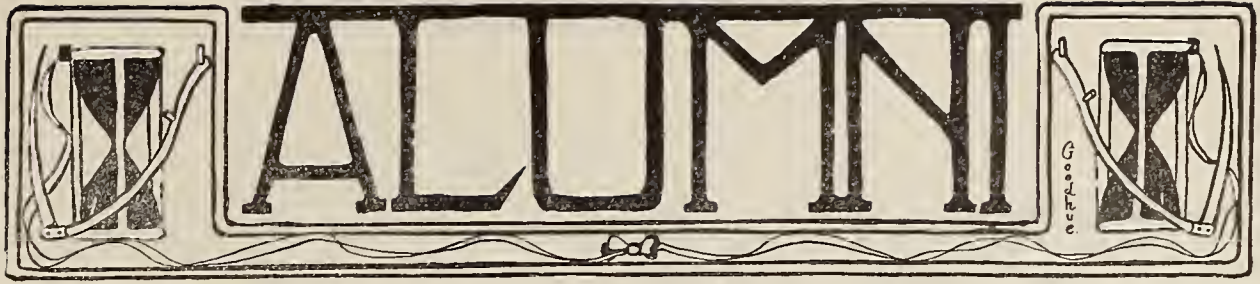
"Your grandmother!" the man stood up breathing hard. "Did she send you to me?"

"No, sir, I did not even tell mother because I thought that she would not let me go. I left a note on the table. Do you know my grandmother?" The boy rose too, without in the least knowing why.

"I—rather think I—do." The man's voice was dry. "I know also your mother—and her—husband. What do you know about your father, lad?"

"Very little, sir," the man had dropped into a chair, but his eyes were looking

Continued on Page 36



1915

Paul Larkin is working for the Good-year Rubber Company.

John Reardon has been traveling in Eastern United States for Proctor & Gamble for some years. He expects soon to travel throughout the country for the same concern.

1916

Joseph Colletti, Harvard '24, has received a Harvard fellowship and is studying architecture in Italy.

1917

Roger Berry and Howard Walther are in business in Texas.

1918

Elsie Broughton, 1918, is taking a special course at Cornell.

Stuart Dimmock is with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Joanne Falconer is in Paris studying advanced French.

David Gesmer is traveling for Brown Durrell Company.

Ronald Shaw, 1918, has completed his course at M. I. T. and is now with Stone & Webster.

Hale Waite has an important position in the Foreign Department of the Merchants National Bank.

1919

Stanley Jenkins is preparing for Brown University.

John Prete, who held the Buck scholarship for five years at B. U., has received a fellowship from Harvard and is now doing graduate work at the University of Grenoble in France.

Walter Sargent, graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, is an Ensign aboard the U. S. S. Niagara, now in southern waters.

1920

Harriot Barbour has published, through the Macmillan Company, her first book, "Old Tales Retold." The book is beautifully illustrated by one of the best illustrators on the Macmillan staff.

James Bartlett, Northeastern '24, is doing graduate work at Harvard where he received a scholarship.

Edna Campbell is teaching in the Brookline High School.

Dorothy Cole, who has graduated from Smith College, is taking a course at Bridgewater Normal School; but at present is doing practice teaching in the Quincy High School.

Ruth Hillstrom and Hilda Wester are working in the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

1921

Anne Stevens is training in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C.

Larry Leavitt, senior at Dartmouth, has been chosen chief marshall.

Richard Saunders, who will receive an M. A. degree at Clark University this year, has accepted a three years' teaching position at the American University at Beiruth, Syria.

June 1922

Viola Anderson and Anne Wagelius, who will graduate from Bridgewater Normal School in June, have been appointed teachers in Quincy.

Wilson Barstow is president of the junior class at Norwich.

Elford Durgan has attained second honors at Clark University.

Edmund Johnson is on the honor roll at Dartmouth.

Donald Mackay has been chosen a member of the Dartmouth Debating Team.

Lawrence MacQuarry is a member of the junior class at Yale.

Hyman Miller has been elected to the nominating committee for the Ivy Day speakers at Bates College, where he is a prominent member of the junior class.

Arthur Parsons is working for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Gertrude Rogers is a junior at Framingham Normal.

Priscilla Streeter is attending Wellesley.

Francis White is a junior at Boston College.

June 1923

Mable Miller, a freshman at Mount Holyoke, has received honors in mathematics and credits in French and geology.

Alice Goodhue is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

"Ding" Heap attends Dartmouth.

Mildred Julius is at Boston University.

Janet MacDonald goes to Catherine Gibb's School.

Mildred O'Meara is working in the office of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company.

February 1924

Helen Bahr and Marcia Van Stry are working in the office of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Helvi Sunderlin has received a scholarship at B. U.

June 1924

Ermanio Basilio is doing excellent work at M. I. T., receiving honors for his first term's work.

Priscilla Griswold is working in the office of the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Ruth Hill has attained honors in English, French and Latin at Brown University.

William Hodgkinson is a tenor soloist for the Norwich Academy Glee Club and has been traveling through the eastern states with this club. The club recently broadcast from WNAC.

Margaret Walker has announced her engagement to Roy Hayward of Natick.

The following graduates of the classes of 1924 are on the honor roll at Bridgewater Normal School:

Evelyn Ambrose, Hazel Bissett, Leonora Colombo, Blanch Cutler, Eleanor Fredette, Olive Fuller, Helen Latine, Anna Palazzi, Mable Pratt.

February 1925

Laura Aalto is attending Burdett Business College.

Robert Fay is working in the Quincy Savings Bank.

Esther Halonen is employed by the Halsey Stuart Company.

Margaret Hezalton is working for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Henrietta Johnson is working in the office of the Taylor Mfg. Co.

Clarence Nickerson is attending Boston University.

Clara Saylor is working in the office of the Christian Science Monitor.

Theodore Trask is working at Shaw's.

Miriam Westland goes to Howard Seminary.

Henry Carlson, Joseph Curran, John Martin, Wade Shorter, Alexander Souden, William Tarbox and Carl Wennberg are registered at Northeastern University.

Ethel Kimball, Paul Littlefield and Frederick Sproul are attending Bryant & Stratton Business College.

School News

ASSEMBLIES

On the first day of the new semester, the entire school went to the hall. Mr. Collins spoke mainly about the marks. The honor roll was also read, which was not as large as usual. Mr. Collins urged everyone to try to increase the honor roll during this semester.

On Friday, February 6, the various classes gathered in the Assembly hall in order to hear the second of the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Paul Shirley, who was introduced to the school at a previous concert, explained the different instruments used by the players. The concert was enjoyed by all.

One of the most pleasing of all the assemblies took place on Friday, February 20, Thalia Club Day. Through the courtesy of the Thalia Club, Prof. André Maurize of Harvard University was procured. The speaker, introduced by Agnes Fornell, proved to be humorous as well as instructive. His quaint accent and easy manner of speaking won the approval of all. Prof. Maurize's subject was "Paris—a Living Personality." He illustrated the lecture with stereopticon pictures which added greatly to the effect.

March 4, Inauguration Day, the members of the school had the pleasure of hearing the Inaugural Exercises broadcast from Washington, D. C. Because of the length of the preliminary program, only a short portion of President Coolidge's speech was heard. The exercises, however, were very impressive, especially the oath of office, administered by William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

The last and the finest of the Symphony Concerts was held on Friday, March 6. The musicians, assisted by Mr. Shirley, rendered a charming program. The school has certainly enjoyed these concerts and desires to thank Miss Howes and Mr. Collins, through whom the artists were procured.

THALIA CLUB

At a meeting of the Thalia Club, held Monday, February 16, six new members were elected. They are as follows: Louise Whiton, Dorothy Waite, Ruth Gesmer, Bessie Diamond, Lucy Marr and Mary Griffin.

Agnes Fornell was elected president at this meeting.

CLASS MEETINGS

The June, '25 Class held a meeting in Room 212 on February 10. The following committees were appointed:

Reception—Chandler Ryder, chairman, Ruth Shevlin, Merriland Curry.

Class Day—Carl Nelson, chairman, Ella Rood, Althea Foss, John Wiley.

Class Song—Harold Hubbard, chairman, Rita Neal, Agnes Fornell.

The class also chose Warren Kay Vantine for their photographer. The photograph committee is Virginia Carville and Edwin Milk.

Another meeting was held March 19. Three committees were elected. They are:

Class Prophecy—Barbara Walker, Alice Waite, Ronald Hepburn, George Whittum.

Class History—Virginia Carville, Gordon Troupe.

Class Will—Bernice Riggs, Carlyle Kretschman.

DEBATE

The first debate of the season was held with Winthrop, February 7. The subject was, "Resolved: That the Child Labor Amendment, proposed by Congress, should be ratified by the states." The team won at Quincy and lost at Winthrop. The speakers for Quincy were as follows:

Negative—Stanley Spencer, Robert Clifford and Charles Brooks.

Alternate—Robert Browne.

Rebuttal—Charles Brooks.

Affirmative—Arnold Cullman, Paul Reardon and Porter Collins.

Alternate—John Fuller.

Rebuttal—Porter Collins.

The Debating Society, with the help of their splendid coach, Mr. Jewell, have been doing excellent work. Meetings are held regularly every two months and various questions are debated.

Reports from Bridgewater Normal show that nine out of ten pupils from Quincy High School are on the honor roll. This is an interesting and unusual fact, and one which speaks well for the training received in Quincy High. This enviable record is surpassed by only one school which has but three pupils attending the institute, all of whom are on

the honor roll, thus making their record 100%.

A similarly interesting report comes from Clark University, Worcester. All the students attending this college from Quincy are on the honor roll. Clark is greatly pleased with this record and hopes more Quincy students will join its ranks.

Miss Flagg wishes to announce that the biology classes are planning a drive in order to obtain money to purchase a skeleton. Many donations have been received, but the quota is still a long way off. All the pupils of the school and not only the biology classes should aid in this undertaking and see that it "goes over big."

VIRGINIA CARVILLE.

CONTEST

A prize is offered to the Quincy High School student who writes the best essay under the following heading:

**"THE MOST ORIGINAL AD IN THE
GOLDEN ROD"**

All essays must be mailed to "Sim, the Tire Man," Wollaston, Massachusetts, before May first.

For further particulars see the Editor-in-Chief.

Exchanges

OUR VIEW

"The Abhis," North Abington, Mass.—Your "Index to Advertisers" is good. We like your "Diary of A. H. S." also.

"The Chronicle," Hartford High School, Conn.—Don't hide your Humor and Exchange columns in a maze of advertisements. Your "Forctaste" arouses the reader's interest.

"The Somerville High Radiator"—Your cuts are clever! Your magazine is well arranged and interesting. We congratulate you!

"The Harpoon," Dartmouth High School—You have a fine Literary Department. Why not get a cut for it?

"Stetson Oracle," Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.—A few stories would add greatly to the interest of your magazine.

"The Advocate," Needham High School—Your "French Department" is interesting. We like the idea of classing humorous stories in a separate department.

"B. C. S.,"—Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec—Your magazine is so full of good things that we can't select any one to comment on. You have an attractive cover.

"The Arguenot," Norwood High School—You have a fine magazine. Your Literary Department is especially good.

"The Deerfield Arrow," Deerfield High School, South Deerfield, Mass.—Why

don't you have an exchange column? A few cuts would add to the attractiveness of your paper.

"The Gleaner," Pawtucket, R. I.—We think your magazine is interesting. Why not put all your "Locals" together instead of making us hunt for them?

AS OTHERS SEE US

A fine magazine! All departments seem very complete, especially the Literary one. Your cartoons deserve much credit as do your poems. "The Pledge" interested us very much, as we have never seen anything of its kind before.

GLEANER—*Pawtucket, R. I.*

Congratulations on your excellent issue and the wonderful school spirit.

B. C. S.—*Lennoxville, Quebec.*

We extend thanks to the following for their exchanges:

The Columbian—Columbia, S. C.

The Drury Academe—North Adams, Mass.

The Clarion—Rochester, N. Y.

The Raquet—Portland, Me.

The Shuttle—High School of Practical Arts.

The Jabberwock—Girl's Latin School, Boston, Mass.

The Imp—Brighton, Mass.

The Academy Journal—Norwich, Conn.

Register—Boston, Mass.

Dufree Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

The Barton News—Mobile, Alabama

The Monad—Belleville, N. J.

Red and Black—Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Echo—Kearney, Nebraska.

RUTH O'MALLEY,
Exchange Editor.



BASEBALL

Ronald Woodman, manager of the Quincy High baseball team, has announced the following schedule for the coming season:

- May 1—Boston Latin at Quincy.
- May 4—Dedham at Quincy.
- May 8—Boston English at Quincy.
- May 11—Hingham at Quincy.
- May 15—Open.
- May 19—Open.
- May 22—Brockton at Quincy.
- May 26—Dedham at Dedham.
- May 29—Dorchester at Quincy.
- June 2—Brockton at Brockton.
- June 8—Hingham at Hingham.
- June 12—Milton at Quincy.

Without an exception, each school on the schedule has always had a good baseball team. This fact promises plenty of excitement for the fans.

Coach Franklin B. Mitchell will open practise about April 1, although there may be indoor practise earlier. There are a few letter men who are expected to report this year, Lubarsky and Asnes, pitchers; Hebert, catcher; O'Brien, first base; Fitzgerald at third; Nichols, outfield. The new material, however is very promising, and Coach Mitchell expects a first-rate team this year.

TRACK

We are certainly proud of the wonderful record of the relay team this season. It has defeated every team on the schedule; teams which are considered among the best in the state. Our boys have won five medals for their remarkable work.

Coach Wilson is not a little responsible for these victories. Surely one cannot

wish for a better combination, a working team and an efficient coach.

Our indoor relay team, composed of Captain Norman Earle, Joseph Morse, Bryant Minot, and Milford Platner, defeated Concord, Gloucester and Peabody High Schools, and turned in second-best time for the two-lap relays at the B. A. A. Inter-scholastic meet on Saturday, Feb. 7, 1925.

In the Quincy meet, Gloucester drew the pole, which gave the Gloucester runner a two-yard lead over Platner. The distance between them was the same when Minot took up the running, but he shortened it gradually and gave Morse an even start. Morse got away like a flash and when he turned the race over to Earle he had a fifteen-yard lead over the nearest competitor. True to form, Earle, running strong, finished 30 yards ahead of the nearest man, a Gloucester runner. Our team made the remarkable time of 3 min. 5 sec. They nearly lapped the Concord team, since their last man was starting on the last lap when Earle crossed the finish line.

At the Harvard Inter-scholastic Indoor meet at Mechanics Building on Saturday, Feb. 28, our team defeated Winthrop and Portland High Schools. Quincy also tied with Jamaica Plain for the fastest time honors in Class B, and Norman Earle finished fourth in the 300-yard dash, thus giving Quincy a total of $5\frac{3}{4}$ points.

In other meets our team defeated Hyde Park (time: 2 min. 3 sec.), and Rindge Tech (time: 1 min. 25 sec.).

Due to the lack of facilities Coach Wilson did not try to put a full indoor team in the meets, but was contented to enter the relay and a few individual events.

Coach Wilson predicts a fine outdoor team this season, since most of last year's material remains. Earle, Minot, Morse, Foley, Sansone, MacLean, Bird, Francis, Hartrey, Cook and Parrish are promising veterans. Platner Foy and Daley will excel in the short distances.

Manager Felix has arranged the following schedule:

April 24—Milton Academy at Milton.

April 30—Rindge Tech at Quincy.

May 15—Hyde Park at Quincy.

May 21—Winthrop at Quincy.

May 28—Open.

June 2—Newton at Newton.



Basket-Ball Team

Top Row—Clark, G. S., Coach, Parish, L., Nichols, N., Hayes, J., Manager, Rider, C., Lindholm, W., Ganley, A. L., Fac. Mgr.

Second Row—O'Brien, W., Maclean, M., Hamre, J. Capt., Fancher, J., Ahlstrom, C.

BASKETBALL

Too many thanks cannot be extended to Coach Clark for his untiring efforts to improve the basketball team. The team also has shown that indomitable spirit and true sportsmanship which gives Quincy High School its enviable reputation.

Mr. Clark we are grateful!

Team, you have our undying admiration and respect for your great ability. We are sure that the names of MacLean, Lindholm, Fancher, O'Brien, Parrish, Ryder and Hamre will have an enduring position in the hall of fame of Quincy High School.

QUINCY VS. BRAINTREE

On Jan. 6 the basketball team opened the season by inflicting a 24 to 12 defeat on Braintree High at Quincy. O'Brien and MacLean were the high scorers for Quincy, but the entire team simply amazed the fans by the brilliancy of its playing. This, indeed, was a fine way to start the season.

Our second team, with Anderson and Robinson starring, defeated Braintree second with the score of 10 to 6.

QUINCY VS. BELMONT

On Jan. 9 a second victory was added to our list by the defeat of Belmont High in our own gym, with the score of 21 to 7. The team showed that we were ready to fight for the championship. O'Brien and MacLean played cleverly on the offensive, and Ryder and Lindholm were especially prominent on the defensive. Fancher was the highest scorer. The pass-work was especially notable.

The second team in a fast game defeated Belmont Second. The score was 20 to 7.

QUINCY VS. MILTON

Quincy played a hard and fast game at Milton on Jan. 16, and won by a score of 18 to 15. Fancher and Hamre were best in the scoring division, while the rest of the team showed that never-say-die spirit which has won for us so many games this season.

Our second team defeated Milton second with a score of 15 to 6. Berman and Foley played well for Quincy.

QUINCY VS. RIVERS

Our team continued to lengthen its list of victories when it defeated Rivers School at Quincy on Jan. 20, with a score of 17 to 9. It was a well-played game and was hotly contested from the beginning to end. Our team's clever pass-work completely dazzled Rivers, while MacLean, Fancher and Hamre shot baskets from all angles.

Thackerberry and Merchant, on the Rivers team, gave our boys effective opposition.

QUINCY VS. MILTON ACADEMY

The team won its fifth successive victory when it defeated Milton Academy at Milton on Jan. 23, with a score of 27 to 15. The Academy team was outplayed throughout the game by our boys. Fancher and MacLean tied for high scoring honors, and, as usual, Ryder, Hamre, and Parrish were effective on the defense.

QUINCY VS. WELLESLEY

Quincy High returned victorious from Wellesley on Jan. 27. The score was 38 to 7. This was O'Brien's last game for Quincy, as he graduated the next day. It may be said that he played the best game of his career. Wellesley was powerless against the heavy onslaught of Fancher, MacLean, Ryder and Ahlstrom.

QUINCY VS. EVERETT

On Jan. 30 our team inflicted a crushing defeat on Everett, with the score of 21 to 5. Hamre, Fancher and MacLean again scored for Quincy and Ryder and Parrish placed a perfect network of defense before Everett. This was the seventh successive victory.

QUINCY VS. WALPOLE

On Feb. 7 our team again triumphed over Walpole High. In a game which was replete with clever team-work and dazzling plays, our boys ran rough-shod over the Walpole quintet with the score of 44 to 15. Fancher was at his best, securing 13 baskets which, incidentally, is the record for our gym. Again notable for their fast playing were Ryder, MacLean, and Hamre. Higgins and Penza starred for Walpole.

Our second team ran up a score of 31 to 14 against Walpole second. Anderson, who is promising material for next year's team, De Yulus, and Reardon, were prominent for their clever work.

QUINCY VS. MEDFORD

At Medford on Feb. 10 our team suffered its first and only defeat of the season with the score of 11 to 22. It seemed that fate was against our boys, yet they fought like savages to win the game, but alas! to no avail. The Medford gym is much smaller than ours and this might explain the defeat. How Quincy got revenge for this catastrophe will be told in another chapter (as Nick Carter says).

QUINCY VS. BRAINTREE

Braintree, on Feb. 13, was again defeated by our team with a score of 39 to 11. Try as they might, Braintree could not pierce the impregnable barrier of defense set up by Nichols and Ryder, nor could they stop the basket-shooting of Fancher, MacLean and Hamre. Our boys had formed a fighting machine which could not be broken.

QUINCY VS. RIVERS

In Brookline on Feb. 17, our team duplicated the defeat which they had inflicted on Rivers at Quincy on Jan. 20. The score was 22 to 17. Fancher, MacLean and Hamre have proved to be a combination which cannot be beaten on the offense, while Parrish and Ryder always put up a strong defense.

QUINCY VS. MASS. NAUTICAL SCHOOL

Feb. 20 the much-heralded Nautical team was expected to punish our boys severely. There were grave rumors concerning the great strength of this team, a fact which only instilled in our team a never-say-die spirit.

At the end of the first quarter of the game, however, it was quite evident that Quincy had nothing to fear. Because of poor pass-work and lack of practice the Nautical School was certainly no match for our boys. They were defeated with the score of 48 to 15.

In the first game the Quincy High second team defeated Thayer second in a fast game. The superior playing of our boys, especially of Anderson, Foley and De Yulus, won the game with a score of 19 to 12.

QUINCY VS. MILTON

Quincy High won its eleventh victory when it defeated Milton High on March 3, with the score of 24 to 14. Although they are mentioned again and again, the exploits of Fancher, Hamre, Parrish and Ryder cannot be praised too highly. Here again Milton High felt the superior playing of our team.

QUINCY VS. MEDFORD

The multitude of fans who thronged the gym on March 5 was certainly an inspiring sight. Quincy defeated the only team to which it lost a game, and the motley populace was not disappointed.

The game played that day was one of the best ever seen in Quincy. Our boys fought as if their lives were at stake. Fancher, MacLean and Hamre shot basket after basket, and Parrish and Ryder offset with redoubled energy the Medford attacks.

When we won by a score of 26 to 17 the enthusiasm of the crowd was unbounded, and small wonder! This was indeed a glorious finish of a glorious season.

TUFTS TOURNAMENT

The Quincy High Basketball team was honored to be among those chosen to compete in the Tufts Basketball Tournament for the New England Scholastic Court championship. South Manchester High of Connecticut was our opponent. At the end of the first half of the bitterly fought game, our boys were leading with a score of 14 to 10, but finally lost with a score of 33 to 20. This eliminated us from the tournament. Our boys were certainly glorious in defeat, since they played a team which came second in the Yale tournament of 1924.

GOLF

Manager Lane predicts a successful season for the championship golf team. There are three veterans: Captain Card, McCarthy, and McNiece, together with Robery Crowley, the former State Caddy champion.

Games will be arranged with Dorchester, Boston Latin, Boston Commerce, Belmont, Lexington and Concord.

Practice will start about the third week in April.

TENNIS

Coach Jewell asserts that there will be a highly satisfactory tennis team this season. Ryder, Troupe and Anderson are three veterans who are expected to report for early practice, along with many aspirants for a position on the team.

The following schedule is announced by Manager Ryder:

June 3—High School of Commerce.

June 15—Dorchester.

Dates are pending with St. John's Prep, Belmont, Mechanic Arts, English High, and Boston Latin.

These games will be played in Quincy.



Relay Team

Felix, G., Mgr.
Platner, N.

Minot, B.

Morse, J.

Wilson, G., Coach
Earle, N., Capt.



NOT SO CLASSY

Jim Ronald: "Hullo, old chap, how are you?"

Chan Ryder: "First class, how are you?"

Jim: "Steerage."

A REASON

Miss Freeman: "Is your mother a suffragette?"

John Wiley: "You bet she ain't. Me father's a prize fighter."

SOME GRIT

Henry Jones: "We're going to hit sixty in a minute, are you afraid?"

His Lady Friend: (*swallowing much dust*): "No, indeed, I'm full of grit."

EXPERIENCE ALWAYS TELLS

Fuller: "What's etiquette?"

Foley: "It's saying, 'No thank you,' when you want to holler 'Gimme'!"

AROUND SCHOOL

If seeing is believing, then we think Mr. Upham will have a sun parlor built on to his room before June. You seniors know why!

The Joneses have lost their reputation for being stylish. They wore the same suits two days in succession.

All pupils possessing glass arms should not take trigonometry. Ask anybody who takes it.

That cheering squad led by Sullivan and Milk ought to make good pedlars when they graduate.

All that the basketball players need are orange jerseys to match their purple pants and they will then be rivals to Henry Jones' scarf.

The "Bay State" will go out of business in a few years if the number of autos at school increases.

We wonder who taught history to the announcer at the Inauguration exercises—there is one sure thing—Mr. Upham did not.

If Mr. Bridges keeps collecting new apparatus every day as he told us, then Quincy by the year 2000 A. D. will have some laboratory.

Another auto has been added to our collection—Dean Cushing & Co.

If Miss Cummings keeps every autograph book she takes away from the pupils, she would soon have some collection of colors, poems and signatures.

Some optician must need business; he gave Rex and Win those rainbow sweaters.

Thousands of years ago it was said that women always caused trouble, and so it is today. Ask Chan Ryder about the tag girl.

SKULE NUZ

GOT A CENT?

THIS IS NOT OUT-
GROWN LONG PANTS-
IT IS ONLY A QHS
VERSION OF THE
PRINCE OF WALES
KICKERS —

— INDOOR
SPORTS —
TRYING TO RAISE
SIX CENTS AT
— RECESS —

THESE ULTRA-DALTON-
TYPE PANTS ARE OK
ON SOME, BUT ON
A LITTLE GUY —

WHY NOT
FURNISH CHAINS
WITH THE LOCKER
KEYS - FEWER
MIGHT BE
LOST.

(THE
KEY)

THE MALES DIS-
CARDED SUSPEND-
ERS SO THE WEAK-
ER SEX ADOPTED
— THEM —

ONE NEEDS
SMOKED GLASSES
WITH SWEATERS
LIKE
THIS
ABOUT
SCHOOL

STANTON
25

HOT POTATO

Miss Dawes: "What's Tammany?"

R. Sawtelle: "Some kind of a sweet potato, isn't it?"

Mr. Clark: "When does Joe Reardon graduate?"

Mr. Nisson: "If he stays another year he will have enough gym credits to graduate."

Miss Cummings (looking over class songs): "I can't understand why seniors about to graduate can not spell simple, everyday words."

Hepburn: "Oh, that's poetic license."

Miss Thompson: "Why were you late today, Edmonston?"

Edmonston: "Class began before I got here."

Irate Mother (in note to teacher):

"Dear Sir: My son tells me that every night for Latin he has to translate one hundred hexameters. I looked hexameter up in the dictionary and found that it was a poetic verse of six feet. Six feet times one hundred is equal to six hundred feet, or two hundred yards. This is too much. I think six inches would be enough."

WHAT THE TEACHERS LEARN IN SCHOOL

The British won in 1588 because their ships were used to the seas and well trained in fighting.

He knew the earth was round because he had watched the eclipse going around the sun.

Whittier never married and so had no troubles.

Some contemporaries of Milton (1673) were: Sandberg (1925), and Tennyson (1888).

Poe married a girl, rather than some one to encourage him.

Farragut enlightened his ships to cross the bar.

Grazing is the raising of tropical fruits.

Lincoln stood for no further extinction of slavery.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW

Barstow: "How do you spell asbestos?"

Mr. McColley: "You've been to the Quincy Theatre enough to know that."

Lane: "Why do you call your girl Spearmint?"

Shea: "Well, you see, she's not only Wrigley, but she comes after every meal."

SOME STRENGTH

Mr. Jewell: "For what else was Julius Caesar noted?"

Lowe, (who had studied his lesson somewhat hastily): "His great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine."

SIGN IN ROOM 100

Wanted a first class hypnotist. Apply to Room 100.

SIGNS ALWAYS TELL

Dicky: "So you went to classes this morning?"

Ded: "What made you think so?"

Dicky: "Your suit looks as though it's been slept in."

Miss Freeman: "What is a candidate called who breaks a tie?"

Bright Pupil: "A black sheep."

Mr. Nisson, reading over a menu slip, "Well, well, cocoa today; a fine thing to give to a grocer's man."

Bob Francis: "Mr. Mitchell, what's the best kind of a door?"

Mr. Mitchell: "One that swings."

The following was seen on one of the boards in an English Room: "We saw a man wrapping up bundles with red hair."

E. Tasteo: "Mr. Mitchell, where's the best place to put a furnace?"

Mr. Mitchell: "In the cellar."

Trask: "Have you heard the new tango song?"

Hunter: "No. What is it?"

Trask: "Tangonna Rain No Mo'."

Hamre: "I was in Hough's Neck when the earthquake occurred."

Ryder: "So was I."

Both: "Shake."

Henry: "Your recitation reminded me of the old city of Quebec."

Eddie: "How so?"

Henry: "Both are built on bluffs."

IN LIBRARY

Sedate Senior: "Have you Miss Rich's 'Types of Literature'?"

Vera Persion: "No. But we have Bogart's 'Economic History of the United States', that's good, too, for after the Civil War."

We laugh at all the teacher's jokes

No matter what they be

Not because they're funny jokes,

But because it's policy.

R. M. H.

Mr. Upham has a remedy for overcrowded class-rooms. He discovered it at the Tufts Tournament. Yes, there were *some* flappers at the Tournament.

Seventeen Pines

Continued from Page 22

with strange intentness at the boy. "Mother hardly ever talks about him. Grandma told me not to ask questions, and I never do."

"I suppose they have told you your father was a rascal?"

"Oh, no, sir," the boy's tone was a shocked one, "Mother once said she wanted me to grow up like my father. She said that it was her fault that I did not have a father. I wanted to ask her what she meant, but she looked so sad I did not dare."

"You know the reason why I came to you about the mortgage was because my real name is the same as yours." Wholly

unconscious of the effect his speech had on his listener, he went on, "My mother's real name is Ruth Bates, but she says that the name does not belong to her any longer. It belongs to me. I don't see how that could be, do you?"

"My pride has kept me from a wife and boy like that," the man murmured to himself. He rose and crossed to the window. For just a moment he looked into the blackness. Then he wheeled about, his eyes shining. He looked down into the questioning eyes raised to his own. He laid his hands on the lad's shoulders and said, "Boy, today you've found a father, I, a son."

ELEANOR DULEY.

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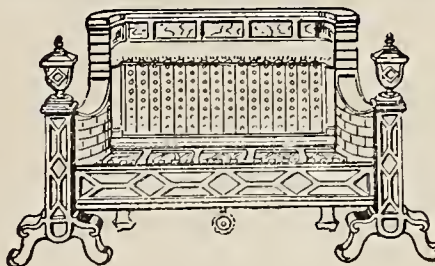
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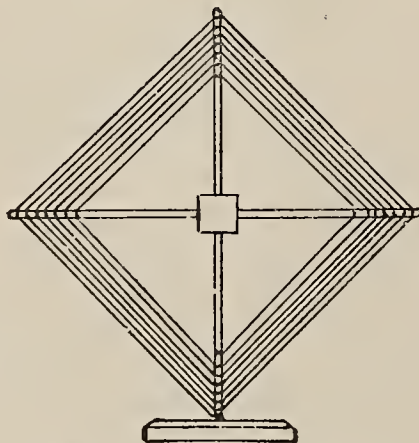
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